the best of himself into it. I wrote to my daughter soon after his death:—

" I heard on Saturday that our dear Joe Evans is dangerously ill. Yesterday came the worst news. **Joe** was not happy, but he was just heroic, and this world wasn't half good enough for him. I keep on getting letters about him. He seems to have been so glad to die. It was like a child's funeral, I am told, and all his American friends seem to have been there—Saint-Gandens, Taber, etc. A poem about the dear fellow by Mr. Gilder has one very good line in which he says the grave ' might snatch a brightness from his presence there.' I thought that was very happy, the love of light and gladness being the most remarkable thing about him, the dear sad Joe."

Robert Taber, dear, and rather sad too, was a great friend of Joe's. They both came to me first in the shape of a little book in which was inscribed, " Never anything can be amiss when simpleness and duty tender it." "Upon this hint I spake/' the book began. It was all the work of a few boys and girls who from the gallery of the Star Theatre, New York, had watched Irving's productions and learned to love him and me. Joe Evans had done a lovely picture by way of frontispiece of a group of eager heads hanging over the gallery's edge, his own and Taber's among them. Eventually Taber came to England and acted with Henry Irving in " Peter the Great" and other plays.

Like his friend Joe, he too was heroic. His health was bad and his life none too happy—but he struggled on. His career was cut short by consumption,

and he died in the Adirondacks hi 1904.

I cannot speak of all my friends in America, or anywhere, for the matter of that, *individually.* My personal friends are so many, and they are «B wonderful—wonderfully